For. Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs smile and laugh one month together.
Exit omnes.

Enter Host and Simple.

Ho. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?
Speake, breathe, discusse, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my M. to sir *Iohn Falstaffe.*

Host. Sir *Iohn*, there's his Castle, his standing-bed,
his trundle-bed, his Chamber is painted about with
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, goe knocke,
hee'l speake like an Antripophigian to thee:
Knocke I say.

Sim. Sir I should speake with an old woman that
went vp into his Chamber.

Host. An old woman, the Knight may be robbed, Ile
call bully Knight, bully sir *Iohn.* Speake from thy lungs
military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calles.

Fal. Now mine host. *he speakes aboue.*

Host. Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descend
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honourable,
pah priuasie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine Host there was a fat woman with
me, but she is gone.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray sir, was it not the wise woman of *Brain-*
ford?

Fal. Marry was it Musselshel, what would you?

Sim. Marry sir my Master *Slender* sent me to her,
To know whether one *Nym* that hath his chaine,
Cousened him of it, or no.

Fal.

Fal. I talked
Sim. And I p
Fal. Marry
That beguiled M
Cousened him
Sim. May I be
Fal. I Tike, wh
Sim. I thanke
man at these tyd
Host. Thou a
Was there a wi
Fal. Marry
me more wit the
nothing for it, b

Bar. O Lor
Host. Why
Where be the
Bar. Rid aw
After I came be
They flung me

Doct. Wher
Host. O her
Doct. I can
But be-gar I wi
Dear be a Gern
Has cosened all
And *Redding*: b
Ha, ha, mine H

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 THE BRITIS